The
COMMONWEAL

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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

State Department's Argentine Blue Book

CONDITIONED as they are by the inadequate reports they publish from the Argentine, a large portion of our newspapers acclaimed the 40,000-word anti-Argentine memorandum handed to Washington representatives of 19 Latin American governments on Lincoln's Birthday. The burden of the Blue Book fits in well with the preconceptions of the US public.

Judging by such generous excerpts from the document as have been published in the *Christian Science Monitor,* there can be little doubt that it constitutes a damning indictment of the Peron and previous régimes. The evidence adduced from captured German documents is striking—particularly the descriptions of men in high posts, by the German chargé d'affaires at Buenos Aires, as warm friends of the nazi cause. The Argentine record on such matters as collaboration with enemy agents, giving information on our own war effort, the harboring even to this day of German agents and business firms in violation of solemn pledges, is unmistakable. Whatever the sentiments of the people as a whole, the pro-Axis sympathies of successive Argentine Governments are manifest.

The Colonels, then, and those against whom they revolted, bet on the wrong side and even yet do not collaborate with the victors. And we do not like their ideas of government. What is to be done about it? Will a heavily-documented United States diatribe placed in the hands of the other Latin American nations set things straight? It is reported currently that Argentine shipments of desperately needed foodstuffs have fallen off to a trickle because the country's railroads are preempted for material for new Argentine fortifications. There are many distasteful aspects of the militaristic, demagogic, dictatorial, nationalistic Peron régime. Can we abolish it by denunciation?

To begin with, this step was apparently taken by our State Department without due consultation with the other American republics. As regards Argentina, especially, nothing is more foolhardy than unilateral action on our part. It enabled Colonel Peron to whip up his extensive mass following to a new pitch of frenzy against us. It deepens suspicion of our traditional high pressure tactics in a number of Latin American capitals. And when the Blue Book is followed by Senator Kilgore's demand that we apply sanctions unless Argentina hands over all German assets and that we secure Argentina's expulsion from the UNO, our unilateral policy toward Peron reaches a nadir.

No conversant observer can maintain that Peron's Argentina constitutes the chief, or even a major threat, to the peace of the world. The fact that two Argentine newspapers published the full text of the Blue Book is enough to show that Argentina is today far from being among the most totalitarian nations either. The amount of open opposition to Peron manifest in the presidential campaign is another index.

Hemisphere solidarity requires gradual building. If the day comes for political intervention in any American country, it must be joint intervention of which the United States is neither the avowed nor the secret instigator. Argentina is no immediate threat to the peace. The harmonious inter-American relationships which constitute our real objective here require the very opposite of a unilateral Blue Book approach.

Mr. Ickes Pulls Out

WITH appropriately vivid language Mr. Ickes has left the employ of the Government of the United States. He has seen a "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" and he will not perjure himself for any political party. Period. Little black bags and Teapot Dome and a little tin box. Such are the things evoked—and purposely evoked—by Mr. Ickes's nostalgic poetry.

For quite apart from his merits or demerits as a public servant, Mr. Ickes more than anyone else in Washington represented the last of an older generation. It was a generation which had such diverse stars as Teddy Roosevelt, Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, John M. Harlan, John Purroy Mitchel. Its approach to politics was by

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and large very simple: clean the rascals out. Be honest with the public moneys. (Honesty, in its definition, was a noun always coupled with cash, rarely extended to anything beyond cash.) Of course Mr. Ickes likewise represented the New Deal, which we can now define as being a different approach to politics, but one not incompatible with that of the "reformers." The New Deal approach in essence consisted of pushing the Government into the vacua in our society—the vacua created by a major business depression and by a certain decrease in the venturesomeness of private enterprise—and this we may generally characterize as necessary and useful. Unfortunately the New Deal likewise tended to push government into many realms which were by no means vacua, and inevitably concentrated greater power, both useful and unuseful, in Washington.

Mr. Ickes's disappearance from office does not, of course, mean that the New Deal is over. Nor does it mean that all honesty has disappeared from the Federal Government. But it does symbolize the return to predominance of machine politicians. This is not necessarily a bad thing. Machine politicians are often very sensitive on the subject of votes and far less sensitive to ideologies. At a juncture like the present this is desirable. Yet machine politicians are certainly more prone than reformers to carry little tin boxes, and Mr. Ickes's "heroic" resignation is valuable at least in its dramatization of this danger.

To come down to concrete cases: for years Mr. Ickes has done everything he could to block the extension of the Tennessee Valley Authority to other areas, believing that such developments should be concentrated under the management of the Department of the Interior. Whatever his reasons for holding these views, they clearly tended to increase governmental power far more than would be the case with the creation of additional, largely autonomous TVAs. Hence here we have found ourselves sharply opposed to Mr. Ickes. For here is where Mr. Ickes's New Dealism went too far. Yet he has administered his department with energy, imagination and efficiency, and his peculiar quality of fiscal honesty is of essential importance in a branch of government the major object of which is conservation. His going for an instant brings back to life a generation which is dead, a generation when graft was the great enemy, and it likewise marks the end of the effervescent days of the New Deal.

Armbands

RECENTLY in these pages (February 1) Max Ascoli described the successful Italian weekly *L'Uomo Qualunque,* its editor Giannini, and the possibly deplorable political effects of the strange movement inspired by this paper and this man. This week the "Ordinary Man Movement" opened its first National Convention in Rome and became a political party and, whether one knows anything about Italy or not, the account of the meeting as published in America is worth looking at, and when one looks at it one does not like what he sees.

The New York *Times* says there were 4,000 persons present; UP has 16,000; but it does not matter how many there were; what matters is how these people got into the auditorium of the University of Rome and, once they were inside, what they heard.

The approaches to the hall were guarded by mounted and motorcycle police and by carabinieri with sub-machine guns. That's all right; it may seem a little much of a muchness but there are a lot of cops outside Madison Square Garden if only for a fight night. It was after the ticket holders, the adherents, the enthusiasts, got through the police that they ran into a further screening which gave them certainly great delight but which, to us, looks like the flag they put up at seaside resorts to keep the children out of the water when a storm is coming—they ran into "ushers," plain clothesmen, "wearing the party armband."

So that it was not just a nice open political meeting; you had to belong; and once you have an armband soon you get a shirt and some decoration or uniform or other and it may not be "fascist" at all but it is not something amusing like carrying a banner with an elephant or a donkey on it.

Once the supporters were inside they did not hear anybody raving about the tariff or the CIO or anybody asking for a post office, or some roads, or saying that TVA was ruining free enterprise; they heard Giannini say that while he talks "the world is watching with fear and interest," and they heard him proceed into solemn nonsense about the movement's program which is "to give life to a new political class in place of the present one, a class without the rancid taste of personal power but able to advance toward the future. That is the program of the common man."

There are supposed to be between 500,000 and 1,000,000 adherents to the movement and as it now stands they are adhering to nothing more than vague talk about technocracy and an administrative state. If they are looking for a new and wonderful political class, they will not find any such thing. If they themselves are new and wonderful people, there are all sorts of old and wonderful ideas that are the result of centuries of political thinking and are embodied in existing political parties with every shade of wonder and idea from the Right to the Left. They can give their impatience and their strength to whatever party they want; they can work within democracy; but if they turn against all parties and look to the

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"middle class" or to the "Ordinary Man" for salvation, the world indeed will watch what they do "with fear"—fear for Italy and great pity for Italy.

German Re-education

IN CONNECTION with the Consistory, Germans obtained a platform to speak to a broader audience than they have had since the war began. The day before the first, Secret, Consistory, the new Cardinal von Galen spoke to sixty German Army chaplains who were released from confinement to hear him and to participate in some of the celebration of the occasion. Three principal themes were reported in Cardinal von Galen's address: There are good and bad Germans—by naming three German cardinals, the Pope "wished to distinguish between the guilty and the innocent." Second, the German people must expiate horrible crimes. Third, the Germans have great longing for love, while feeling much hatred directed against them—which hatred they have to accept.

This Rome thesis of Cardinal von Galen can be built up by reference to interviews he gave before in Muenster. As bishop of that city Count von Galen had gained a reputation among the Allies as a most fearlessly outspoken critic of many aspects of Hitlerism. He was approached eagerly when Muenster fell, even before the German Army and régime had finally collapsed, and neither then nor since did he give the Allies what they wanted. Three of the Muenster themes might be rendered thus: First, Bishop (or now Cardinal) von Galen was an enemy of Hitlerism to the death. Second, the war had a national aspect as well as a nazi aspect and he would not act in a way that could be considered traitorous to the nation. Third, Bishop von Galen was glad to see the nazis fall, but he was not pleased that they fell before an external enemy and he was not happy with the occupation of Germany by the American and British and Russian Armies.

The political derivatives of these themes can fairly easily be projected and in many important aspects they do not coincide with "Potsdam" or with alterations of "Potsdam" currently argued among Americans. One important principle does coincide however with the thesis propounded on the same Sunday by General Sibert, G 2, USFET, writing from Frankfort for the New York *Times*. General Sibert's very well written analysis, directed from a completely different viewpoint, comes up also with a distinction between good and bad Germans (the definitions would doubtless differ radically) and advocates a policy built on that distinction.

The General explains a *control* occupation, with the conqueror working through some selected Germans. It is not altogether a clear explanation, but those Germans to be selected are "democrats chosen not only for their political past but, more importantly for their understanding of what made the German robot tick and what has made him explode with such horrifying regularity."

Germans in general are once again described as having a most remarkable double personality . . . "'A Kraut is a Kraut' . . . with two entirely separate elements which are merged only occasionally and then with disastrous effects. The first element is reason—methodical, cold unimaginative and often exceedingly dull. The second is fanatical emotion—blind, overwhelming, without restraint and frequently unconscious."

Among Germans, General Sibert distinguishes certain classes, first, the "Prussian civil service which in the end produced the type of 'little man' who elected Hitler, the type which Hitler represented. This human robot . . . the German 'little man' has a suppressed desire to be killed someday by a hit-run driver on a pedestrian crossing while the lights are in his favor." On the basis of the civil service a hierarchy of robots was formed, and *"Das Volk"* was always the class below the speaker's level." The very cynical ruling class is labeled briefly and historically, "first the Junkers, later the industrialists, and finally the gangsters." Then, "outside this ruler-slave relationship stood a small class of German scholars and artists. Some of them, consciously or unconsciously, provided the dope with which the rulers could compensate their robots. Others, the Goethes and the Beethovens, were aloof and often disgusted."

General Sibert charges the ruling class with deliberately and periodically arranging wars in order to blow off the Wagnerian component of the double-minded robot people. "After a war. . . . today they seem weakened almost beyond recovery, subdued almost to the point of complete apathy. . . . They have fallen back upon the old standard formula, the meticulous, dull stupor of their early days. . . . What is there to be done to salvage these sad derelicts?"

General Sibert, and by implication Cardinal von Galen, both turn to "the good German," and through him "perhaps we should try to resolve the split, to merge the two personalities into one, to melt down the different elements and pour them into a new mold; or, more simply, to reconcile their private beliefs and their official acts." The practical, political measures to implement this rather subjective and theoretic, and perhaps circular purpose are hard to find. They weren't found at Potsdam. The search for them is a search for answers to problems not exclusively German. It is a search for good men and a society which fosters them.

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The Short Case

George H. Dunne

SOMETIMES one wonders about tears—about the power of tears, the unpredictability of tears, the function of tears, the good of tears.

Mr. Ted Le Berthon had just introduced his resolution: "Resolved, that the Catholic Interracial Council urge the District Attorney of San Bernardino County to re-open the Short case and conduct a thorough, impartial and exhaustive investigation of the same." And then he had added: "Mrs. Short's sister is here tonight and perhaps would be willing to say something."

Every eye was upon her as she rose. The silence that fell upon the room was the silence of the tomb. The people crowding to the back walls and to the doors froze in immobility.

Perhaps the professional connoisseur would not have said that she was beautiful, though even he must have admitted that she was very attractive. But I am not a connoisseur and so I say that she was beautiful. But of course beauty has nothing to do with it. Neither does the fact that she was as fair-skinned as the fairest-skinned person in the room have anything to with it. Except that it added another note of madness to the diabolically mad irrationality of race prejudice when one knew of the evidence that her sister, and her sister's husband and her sister's two young children had been burned to death because of the color of their skin. Except that, if she wanted to, she could live where she pleased, break bread where she chose, find entrée to the most "respectable" white society circles because no one need ever suspect that she was Negro. But her sister had to be burned to death, and her sister's husband, and their children.

Her sister and the children had been buried two weeks earlier. They had mercifully (God's mercy, not man's) died quickly. Their charred remains were taken to St. Patrick's Catholic Church in Los Angeles, taken to Holy Cross Cemetery and buried there where they can sleep alongside the indistinguishable bones of those alongside of whom they would not have been permitted to live. Were not permitted to live.

So at Mr. Le Berthon's invitation she rose slowly to her feet, thinking perhaps of her sister and her sister's children being buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, thinking perhaps of the words with which the priest bid them adieu at their graveside:

"May the Angels lead thee into Paradise; may the Martyrs receive thee at thy coming, and take thee to Jerusalem the holy city."

And then again, there are no restrictive covenants in Jerusalem the holy city. Imagine that situation: Mrs. Short living right there in the same city, in the same neighborhood, with respectable white people. And her children actually playing in the golden streets with the innocents slain by Herod. What will happen to property values? "But my dear," I overheard one stylishly gowned lady say to another stylishly gowned lady the other day at a club luncheon, "it is perfectly frightful what is happening to San Francisco. Do you know that there are 50,000 Negroes living there now? Why, the city is perfectly ruined, you know. Of course, they *never* keep up their property. Where will it all end?" In the grave, in the cemetery, in the golden streets of the holy city.

And here is another scandal: the social equality in Paradise. There is something badly wrong there. It must be communist influence. It undoubtedly *is* communist influence. Perhaps what Paradise needs is a Hearst newspaper and an American Legion. Did you hear what the priest said at the grave? "May the Angels lead thee into Paradise; may the Martyrs receive thee at thy coming." What is one to think of that? Mrs. Short and her children rubbing elbows with the Angels, guests of honor at a reception held for them by the Martyrs [the other Martyrs]!

Just before the meeting at which Mrs. Short's sister spoke I had read the argument [they had only one] circulated among members of the Los Angeles Bar Association by a group of lawyers opposing the demand of some of their confrères that the Association abandon its policy of racial segregation. The argument was that if Negro lawyers were admitted to the Association the pure white trash would be faced with the horrible prospect of Negroes attending the social affairs of the organization. Imagine these respectable barristers, but infinitely more terrible to contemplate imagine their wives, their befurred and bejeweled and bepowdered wives, having to drink tea with Negro lawyers and their wives! ("May the Martyrs receive thee at thy coming.")

*

Mrs. Short's sister said a few words in her quiet, perfectly modulated voice. She thanked Mr. Marshall and Mr. Le Berthon and the others. She said that, of course, there was nothing we could do for her and her sister and her sister's husband and their children. That was done. Like

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Dachau and Buchenwald and the gas chambers and the crematories. It was done. It could not be undone. Like Calvary. But whatever we could do to prevent it from happening to others (but it will happen to others). . . .

She could not say more. That is when the tears came and she stood there struggling to control her grief. And she did control her grief. It was a controlled grief, no hysterics, only the quiet tears slowly flowing down her cheeks to the sad slow accompaniment of her sobs. And I admired as I have admired in so many other Negroes her poise, her quiet self-control, her self-possession. And I thought of all the imbeciles whom I have heard declaiming about the instability, the emotionalism of the Negro—(who, what is *the Negro?*). "Everyone knows that the Negro is a creature of emotion, utterly lacking in self-control, entirely without the stability and self-possession and cool rationality that marks the white race." ("My race," he means, proud, ignorant fool.)

And I sat there utterly dry-eyed wanting so desperately to give her my tears. I thought of all the things I had shed tears so easily for in my lifetime, tears of disappointment, sentimental tears, tears of anger, tears in a motion picture theater, all the trivial tears.

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I had made a speech that night. Speeches. Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Words. It is so easy to make speeches. Hitler made speeches. Bilbo makes speeches. I make speeches. I thought of the wonderful speech made by a university president, quoted in the newspapers, in defense of racial segregation:

> "We admit and welcome the academic equality, and even to academic identity (sic) of opportunity, all colors, nations, individuals. We do not approve, nor shall we attempt to enforce, identity between white and colored students in the wider and less defined field of social relationships, contacts and activities.
>
> "We do not attempt to ape the mistakes of Communists who, after a futile venture in the field of utter leveling, have now reverted to a structure of society which human nature and common sense would have told them are (sic) requirements (sic) of civilized, harmonious and prosperous relations."

The arrant nonsense of it. The bland unctuousness of it. The wonderful falsehood of it. False factually, false doctrinally, false theologically, philosophically and sociologically. And I thought I should like to bring this university president to look at the fire tortured and fire seared bodies of those two lovely children and their lovely mother and tell him: "There is the symbol of the civilized, harmonious and prosperous relations which require that the 'inferior' races be segregated."

Speeches. I thought of the speech made from his pulpit by a priest on the Feast of the Epiphany —not, however, in Los Angeles—summoning his people to stand firm behind the sturdy rampart of restrictive covenant to keep black families out of the parish. *Omnes Gentes, quascumque fecisti, venient, et adorabunt coram te, Domine.* (II Noct., Feast of the Epiphany) "Not in *my* Church they won't." Of course, the Wise Man who, according to the legend, was black, was welcome in the holy hovel at Bethlehem and this is the Feast of the Epiphany. But we are a more sophisticated people than good simple Mary and simple Joseph. We have a structure of society which guarantees civilized, harmonious and prosperous relations and simply will not stand for that sort of thing.

I would have given every great speech ever made in exchange for the gift of a few tears to give Mrs. Short's sister. But I had none to give. The spring was dry and parched, by the same fire that made fiery holocausts of Mr. and Mrs. Short and their two children.

I thought of the idiots who will say: "But there you are, what happened to the Shorts is another proof of the wisdom and necessity of racial segregation. If you eliminate segregation there will be all kinds of violence like this."

And there you have a wonderful new theory of penology. Turn all the criminals loose. Lock all good citizens up in the penitentiaries. Keep them locked up there for their own good, because if you release them bands of thugs and hoodlums will bash their brains out. Possibly Hitler was a kindlier man than we had suspected. Maybe he threw the Jews into concentration camps for their own good.

I looked at the tear stained face and I saw all the circle of complacent faces and I heard all the double talk, the evasions, the rationalizations. And I heard all the pat phrases of a morality based on the worship of the golden calf, the golden dollar, the Almighty Dollar, the final arbiter of problems of conscience.

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"But no one is obliged to promote social justice at grave inconvenience to himself." The grave inconvenience is financial loss, money out of pocket, than which surely in our scale of bourgeois values there is no comparable inconvenience. The martyrs sacrificed their lives rather than sacrifice Christian principles. But that was another age. Surely no one expects a Christian today to sacrifice money, the decline of property values, the loss of patronage, for the sake of justice and charity. Oh, we freely admit that residential segregation wounds both justice and charity. "But when it comes to telling *an individual* what he must do or not do when it appears probable that Negroes will move into his neighborhood and that the value of the property will greatly decrease. May

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he try to prevent this?" My dear fellow, there is money involved. "I wish you could solve all these cases with a general sweeping statement: 'You may not!'" But heaven forbid—no such sweeping statement as that. "I am not at all sure that either justice or charity warrants such an absolute answer." Of course, it is the individual who commits segregation, and of course segregation wounds justice and charity, but surely we cannot tell *the individual* that he cannot wound justice and charity by practising segregation—not if the value of his property is seriously going to decrease. What is a wound to justice and charity compared to a wound to one's bank account? So let us just discuss this whole matter in terms of general principles and not make anybody uncomfortable by getting down to individual cases.

And the wonderful phrase: "to promote social justice." The wonderfully vague, impersonal phrase. So that is all that is involved! And I had been under the misapprehension all along that what was involved was the wounding of individual human beings, was violence done to the spirit of individual human persons, was the humiliation, degradation and brutalization of millions of individual human persons, was the denial to individual human beings of their fundamental rights in justice. So the theater owner who sadly refuses to sell a ticket to John Jones, Negro, because his white patrons do not like it, is not really inflicting any wound upon John Jones. He is simply failing to promote social justice. Well, that makes it much easier to understand. Nobody can be expected to get excited about a failure to promote an impersonal phrase, a philosophical concept, an ethical category, not if it is going to cost money. What I had found hard to understand was how one could be excused in the name of money for wounding John Jones, for doing violence to the dignity of John Jones, for humiliating John Jones, for stigmatizing John Jones. So everything I read in "Black Boy" about the "decent, harmonious and prosperous relations" which the structure of segregated society imposes upon the Negroes in the South was not at all a mass degradation and humiliation of millions of individuals made in the image and likeness of God, but simply a widespread failure to promote social justice.

A few years ago when Dorothy Brown came to me, when she had been refused admission to a roller skating party being given by a Catholic young people's organization to which she belonged, and with bitter tears told me that she was going to get married and was not going to have any children because she would never be responsible for bringing a child into this world who would have to suffer throughout life the bitter humiliations she had suffered throughout life, I thought Dorothy Brown had been injured. I thought her spirit had been brutally and grievously wounded. I thought she had been scarred for life. I wish I had known then that all that had really happened was that someone had failed to promote social justice.

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So I suppose the men who called at Mr. Short's humble little house in Fontana which he had built with his own hands for his wife and two children and said that they were deputy sheriffs were guilty of failing to promote social justice when they told Mr. Short to take his wife and two children and move out of there. And I suppose when the committee of colorless men who said they represented the real estate association and were therefore naturally and understandingly concerned about a decline in real estate values called on Mr. Short and issued the same ultimatum with hints of dire consequences to follow if the ultimatum were ignored, I suppose that these respectable solid citizens were guilty of failing to promote social justice.

Fontana used to be a beautiful place. Looking up at the mountains which look down upon the orange groves beneath the sun-drenched skies. It will never be beautiful again. Its beauty is gone forever, its fair face blasted, twisted and seared by the atomic explosion of racial hatred.

Mr. Short had gone there, tired of trying to find a place to live in a great city blanketed with restrictive covenants. He went there because of the great open spaces where one could buy a little piece of land and build a little home for one's loved ones. There would be no pushing there, no crowding, there was lots of room for everybody, limitless room in the sunshine and the balmy air in the valley looking up at the mountains. With his own hands he built the little home for his loved ones.

Then the men who said they were deputy sheriffs came. And the men who said they represented the real estate interests came. What was Mr. Short to do? Flee into the desert? Return to the city's jungle? In spite of the warnings he could not really believe that a slaughter of the innocents was being planned. He reported the threats to the Negro newspaper and to the FBI. He was told to forget the threats. He was told that the threats were a bit of bluster, a bit of bluff, that these men, solid citizens, would not really resort to violence.

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It was soon over. He and his little family returned home one night a few weeks ago. He struck a match to light the little kerosene lamp on the table. The explosion enveloped the whole house in flames.

The neighbors told how there was a blinding

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flash of fire, how the exterior of the house was wrapped in flames instantaneously. The man who was for twenty-five years arson expert for the Los Angeles fire department filed a report with the District Attorney. His investigation left little doubt that it had been a plant. It was not kerosene which blew the house up and there was evidence that the exterior of the house had been sprayed with some inflammable chemical.

The forces of law and order moved quickly to hush the affair up. At the inquest the District Attorney refused to admit any evidence touching upon the threats made to Mr. Short. A verdict of accidental death was quickly brought in. The arson expert's report was quietly filed away by the Grand Jury which closed its session without taking any action. And of course the next Grand Jury will not convene for some months when everyone will have forgotten Mr. and Mrs. Short and their two children.

Nearly everyone has already forgotten Mr. and Mrs. Short and their two children. The newspapers have been interested in other things like violence in Indonesia. And the respectable solid citizens of Fontana go about their business secure in the knowledge that their property values are safe. Thank God for law and order!

So there were the burials in Holy Cross Cemetery in Los Angeles. The editor of *The Tidings* wrote a magnificent editorial burning with holy indignation. But that has been all. We have waited in vain for the thunderous roar of protest from pulpit and platform. We have hoped in vain that there would be a mass meeting in Olympic auditorium, a meeting, sponsored by Christian organizations, where resolutions would be passed calling upon the public authorities to reopen this case and conduct an exhaustive investigation and fix the guilt and punish the guilty or satisfy the public conscience that there has been no guilt but only a mysterious tragic accident.

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There has been only silence. The communists, however, are organizing a mass meeting of protest. Perhaps they will accomplish something. Or perhaps the story will go about that the whole thing was a communist plot from the beginning, or that the Shorts were communists and got what was coming to them. Then perhaps Mr. Hearst will get busy and the incident will dissolve into the wonderful *reductio ad absurdum* of a legislative committee on subversive activities investigating the Shorts.

I looked at the tragedy in her eyes. And I thought of all the fatuous talk that one hears about "prudence" by people who have never read Saint Thomas's discussion of the nature of prudence and who think that prudence means complacent acquiescence in evil, silence in the face of the betrayal of Christianity. Do not disturb the tranquil surface of the cesspool. That is the one great crime!

We plant rose-bushes on top of the cesspool and ignore its existence. We even hold garden parties on the lawn which covers it. The virtue is to pretend it is not there. The vice is to say: "But there is a leaky cesspool here and it is seeping into the cellar and undermining the foundations of the house!" Oh, the villain, how he has disedified the neighbors! What will the neighbors think? What bad taste!

This is one of the more curious aspects of our bourgeois morality. It is not the existence of evil that is shocking, but the exposure of evil; not the betrayal of Christianity, but to say that Christianity is being betrayed; not the fact that a racist sermon is preached from a pulpit on the Feast of the Epiphany, but to say that a racist sermon was preached from a pulpit on the Feast of the Epiphany; not the fact that in certain sections of this country white boys and men seduce colored girls and lynch colored boys, but to say, as Lillian Smith said, that in certain sections of this country white boys and men seduce colored girls and lynch colored boys. And so of course evil fattens itself at the expense of Christianity and of humanity because the crime is to expose it.

Perhaps that is why communists hold mass meetings and Christians do not. Because to speak out at mass meetings would be "imprudent," would "give disedification," would be in "bad taste."

What a wonderful thing we have made out of Christian morality when everyone can so easily forget the murder, the injustice, the killing of the spirit, the humiliation inflicted upon the victim of race prejudice, and fiercely debate the enormity of crimes against good manners. So perhaps it is just as well there is no mass meeting. Because everyone would forget all about Mr. and Mrs. Short and the two children and the flame seared bodies and talk only about the shocking imprudence, the shocking impropriety, the shocking bad taste, the shocking lack of respect for authority (for after all, Mr. District Attorney is one holding authority) manifested by the speakers.

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I could not give you a single tear, sister of Mrs. Short. But I can give you this, these words of indignation. If they sound bitter it is because I have been thinking about those four charred bodies and about your tears. Perhaps I should think less about them and more about some of the prayers said by the priest at the grave of Mrs. Short's children:

"Who is as the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high and looketh down on the low things in heaven and on earth?"

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From San Francisco to London

GEORGE CATLIN

ON A recent visit to the Central Hall, Westminster, I mounted the stairs of that sober building to the public galleries and sat next to a Negro airman from Jamaica. He pointed out to me the location of the various delegations. "There sits China—France, Utopia, Iran, Iraq." "What," I inquired, "did you say before Iran?" "Utopia . . . I mean Ethiopia." It may be that the dusky Ethiop is as near Utopia as anybody gets in this first Conference of the organization known as UNO, which in Latin means "in one." *E pluribus unum.*

At the present time the plurality is at least as much in evidence as the unity. The seeds of discord tolerated at Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco grow and sprout. Anyone, such as myself, who was present at the San Francisco Conference, will note this. The very late arrival of Mr. Molotov's deputy, Mr. Vishinsky, scarcely makes up here for the absence of Mr. Molotov. Sometimes the fate of nations, which might well rest upon whether Poland has one or two years of office in the Security Council, is literally decided, as I saw in London, by a name taken out of the hat (or, in this case, a box). Maybe the lot, which is strictly impartial, is the best technique. Discord is unavoidable; lies in the nature of power-politics; was there long before UNO was born.

Even the best informed journalists appear to be in error, perhaps due to wishful thinking, about how vast are the opportunities for disagreement in substance under a procedure formally agreed to. Thus the London *News Chronicle* editorially assured its readers: "The United Nations' plan for maintaining world peace is only workable where there is virtual unanimity. . . . Decision in all matters (other than procedure) must be endorsed by all the Great Powers. In other words each has a 'veto,' which it can exercise whenever it is not itself an interested party." This is, of course, not the case. A Great Power is only not entitled to use its veto, when settlement—as at this moment between Russia and Persia—is contemplated under Chapter VI of the Charter, "The Pacific Settlement of Disputes." Here, as Great Power Russia has publicly assured Small Power Persia, neither side wants to go to war, and everything can be quite well settled just between these two as friends. When issues come to crisis and the application of police force, each of the great five has a veto as absolute as that in the old Polish Constitution, which inevitably brought about the ruin of Poland.

Senator Connally, by treating the Charter not as a constitution in embryo but as final law and a sacred treaty, and Senator Vandenberg, by refusing to commit himself on the tax-exemption of the Secretariat and hence on the germ of the future taxing-power of the Organization, have tended at these points to endorse the Soviet thesis. This has been stated by *Time* (January 28): "The Russians really do have a real interest in UNO, but, still convinced that UNO is bound in a big power alliance, think that talk about it being anything else is silly." This policy is consistent with a vigorous Russian insistence on the anarchic power of veto, since UNO remains for them a military alliance rather than a new political organism, with ideals which might take priority of allegiance to communism, unhappily integrally associated with the Secret-Police-State. As *Time* adds, "Russia's old point that the success of UNO rests wholly on Big Three unanimity . . . generally means that the other two give in." It will be recalled that Harry Hopkins, already a deathly sick man, went against doctor's orders to Moscow to procure such a small measure of modification of the Russian attitude on the veto question as would enable the San Francisco Conference to be a success.

The British have the Anglo-Saxon tendency to play at the game of "holier than thou." If they wish what is somewhat arrogantly termed the "moral leadership of the world" (possibly because they cannot have the military leadership), they have still got to win it. But the moral position has undoubtedly been improved by their declaration in UNO on the independence of Trans-Jordania and the handing over of the mandates to the Trustee Commission; by giving India top priority in proposals for constitutional change leading to independence, despite the entangled relations of Congress and Moslem League; by handing over the Guatemalan dispute to the World Court; and above all by Ernest Bevin's willingness, and indeed insistence, that the Greek and Indonesian situations should be examined along with the Persian.

This dispute—for the Persian delegate has adopted the word *dispute* and not *situation*—touches the nerve of Great Power relationships with each other and with small powers which possess in their territories the raw materials of war. It connects with Russia's ambition to become a naval power with strategic ports back of Constantinople and in the Mediterranean and Red Sea. Anyone who has read Sir Halford MacKender's vital booklet "Democratic Ideals and Reality," which the German general, Haushofer, studied, as the Russian High Command studies Haushofer in turn, will appreciate the strategic significance of the Russian occupation of the Persian highlands. The significance of Bevin's

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reference to "a knife at our throat" was unmistakable; and issues not less grave, as touching the traditional route to Australia, than those of the Dardanelles (about which the Crimean War was fought) are being raised again.

That UNO should be confronted at this very early stage with one—or, indeed, three—of these inevitable power issues is perhaps, after all, to be accounted a good thing. I recall Lord Cranbourne, now Conservative Leader in the House of Lords, saying to me in the train going to Moscow in 1935: "Within six months we shall know whether the League is going to work or not; and that will be a good thing." The side-stepping by the Geneva League of the Corfu issue, at the beginning of its history, was for it and its prestige a very bad thing. The small nations will not be satisfied, and no one who believes in the federation of the world and thinks clearly will be satisfied, unless the Security Council is prepared boldly to seize the nettle and to assert without flinching the rule of law and the observance of the process of law. As a very strong Tory said to me the other day: "Most of our problems are due to Eden's weak foreign policy, which was good enough in generalities but always appeased in detail." Mr. Bevin has replaced this by a strong and affirmative foreign policy, calculated to resist blackmail and to expose aggression, without timidity or excess of diplomatic politeness, for what it is. As a consequence, either UNO will break down within a year—and the veto, which is the path of anarchy, is the highway to break-down—or it will succeed.

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America is only transiently the strongest power, by itself alone, in the world. The rapid demobilization of its forces is daily reducing such power as it has, while scientific secrets do not remain secret forever. It is even dubious how far the whole unified West would be strategically stronger than the unified East. America does not desire to dominate the world; but it is interested in preventing any other one power having this might. Sound American policy must, then, have a vested interest in right expressed and determined through law and the constitutional organs—judicial, legislative and executive—of international law. The Western interest lies in the most scrupulous respect for UNO, in a determination to expand its power as a growing, organic body, and in the loudest profession and clearest intention of abiding by its rulings. This also is the interest of all genuinely peace-loving powers, although not necessarily of all fanatically "dynamic" movements. It is not anti-Russian (something, as has said Under-Secretary of State Hector McNeil, to be avoided) but pro-Russian, to point out to the Soviets the contribution, in loyalty to UNO, expected from them, who today occupy a stronger position than Hitler ever did, in the cause of peace.

As Socialist Michael Foot, M.P., writes in a feature article in the Laborite *Daily Herald,* stating the British case: "When the actions of the British Government are the subject of complaint, our response is to demand the most complete and public inquiry. When the actions of the Soviet Government are the subject of complaint, their response is to oppose any such inquiry." And indeed Mr. Vishinsky said on Persia on January 30: "If the Soviet Government is to remain under the control of the Security Council, I emphatically deny any such possibility. This would not be in conformity with the dignity of the Soviet Government. It would not be in conformity with the dignity of any of the member nations of the Council or even in conformity with the dignity of the Security Council itself." This, with its final menace, was a frank bid for the resumption of the international anarchy. Mr. Bevin replies: "The treaty is clear. If my Goverment had done this and was charged with it, I should not regard it as a question of dignity for the Council to inquire into it and tell me whether I had done wrong or right. . . . This thing did look to us in this country like a war of nerves." Mr. Bevin, despite Mr. Vishinsky's reference to "interference by hot-headed men," was clearly out to bell the cat in the interests of a workable internationalism.

Nevertheless, as I have written earlier, UNO must not be a Metternichian instrument for enforcing conservatism. It must allow for peaceful change; and it must come to terms with those dynamic movements which the history of the future will reveal. It is not at all desirable to treat the San Francisco Charter, any more than the old American system of Confederation, as the final word of wisdom. Ernest Bevin, has, in a House of Commons speech, specifically referred to the possibilities in the future of an Assembly of Peoples, with representatives directly elected, and not an Assembly of Governments, with their Foreign Office nominees. This way sound future development lies.

It is therefore a healthy thing although a small one that, largely under Russian (but also under Belgian) pressure, a resolution has been passed admitting representatives of the World Federation of Trade Unions to an official advisory position on the Economic and Social Advisory Council of UNO. It amazes me that up to date no claim has been vigorously pressed for similar representation of the World Council of Protestant Churches and of the Vatican. The chronic disease of power-politics will only be overcome by a faith in what can be achieved by cooperation, religious in basis. Although a welcome change has manifested itself recently, British Catholicism has been far too narrowly European in sentiment, which

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in effect means anti-American. The result of this policy bids fair to emulate the fate of Poland, caught between two millstones, and is due to a conservative over-estimate of the importance of Europe. In the words of Bismarck: *"Qui parle Europe a tort.* What is Europe?" A truer and more universal Catholicism spans the Atlantic—and Pacific—both ways. It is interventionist in the best sense. One of the most remarkable developments of recent months has been the mighty rise of Catholicism as a progressive political force, with a consistent philosophy of welfare and respect for human dignity, in country after country. But this force has not yet adequately impinged upon the consultations of the international legislators, who move in a theoretical vacuum.

The recognition, in jurisprudence and political theory, has yet to come that an international organization will have to rest upon a revision of legal theory away from sixteenth century "Leviathan" notions of sovereignty and from nineteenth century notions of the priority of economics in the direction of respect for international law and for natural law—as conceived by Saint Thomas, Ayala and others before Grotius. This law is the bridle on deep human power-lust, which is deeper than economics. This organization—what Kant called "this Cosmopolitical Institution"—will also have to rest upon a genuinely universal outlook, inspired by respect for the brotherhood of man, as having first claim on social allegiance. As Archbishop Griffin of Westminster said to UNO delegates, those who banish Almighty God usually quickly set up as god the Almighty State. There can be no foundation for peace and a world law unless we recognize, as genuine, a world community. This, in turn, we cannot see if, unlike nazi theorists, we do not admit the brotherhood of men not, materialistically, as cousins of the ape and Yahoo, but as by grace and reason children of the Divine Father whose law enjoins charity and respect for human life. When we do this we shall not yet have reached Utopia, but we shall have got nearer to it than have hitherto done either Ethiopia or the nationalistic great powers.

Poems on Postcards

"I was rather difficult to handle. . . . I received singing lessons in my spare time in the choir. . . . My father could not appreciate the talent of his quarrelsome son."—"Mein Kampf," Chapter 1.

He was a grievance to his sire,
Shrill, quarrelsome, and adenoidal,
And even in the village choir
He sang a dreadful piercing yodel.

The boy with maggots in his head,
The painter no one wished to hire;
No wonder Schicklgruber said
"He'll never set the world on fire."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Brethren Heifers for Relief

LEO R. WARD

IN ELKHART COUNTY we have some of the best dairy farms and the biggest neighborhood of Amish in Indiana. The people believe firmly in God, in the home, the land, and in heifer calves. They love peace, and would like to see all nations saved and reconstructed. But what can these people do in these times for man? What can these modest and perhaps somewhat isolated farmers do, themselves bearded and their wives hooded and as long-skirted and unrouged as nuns?

Fortunately for them in many ways they are surrounded by the Brethren and by various peace-related churches. The "heifer project," now so developed and effective in European rehabilitation, was thought out by a man of this county when he was on a relief mission to suffering post-war Spain. He says that it occurred to him as the means by which Amish and the Brethren and other peace-loving Christian farmers could best serve man now. His philosophy of education and of religion is of a piece with his general philosophy of man. What he wants to see done in all fields is the bringing together and integrating of the material and economic with the spiritual life of man. The body and the soul should not be kept miles apart, but should be concurrently fed and developed. So, he says, for education and for religion, which are among his major interests.

Well, then get springing heifers on the road to Europe. Why should not every farm give a heifer every year, so that the peoples overseas will have milk, and will be enabled to provide for their own welfare in this productive and progressive way? The donors are dairy farmers, and profoundly Christian, and they know from an economic and a spiritual view what a heifer is worth. The project caught their Biblical and milk-minded fancy.

The immediate result is that for two years now heifers have been shipped across America and across the Atlantic to relieve starving peoples. Which peoples? The Brethren and their associates do not ask. What they ask, in a peaceful way, is the chance to serve man in the name of God through surrendering something produced by themselves.

Other people have learned by this time to ship with them. The heifer project captured Monsignor Ligutti at once, the Catholic Rural Life people back it, and these local Brethren—their local committee so effective that it has become the national committee—tell me with pride that when a recent shipment reached New Windsor in Maryland, six Jesuits were there to join hands with the

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Brethren. It is a practical procedure; for the Catholics, and I believe most of the religious groups, are in fact twenty months behind the Brethren. And here is a set-up that has already proved itself at both ends and the middle. No time now to go on wasting time. That is the wise decision of the Catholic rural lifers and of at least some Bishops. Better get a life-line at once to freezing and starving peoples.

Brethren and Amish farmers, along with others whom I cannot identify—as far as I know just one of the one thousand is a Catholic—staged on February 1 the pioneer sales-barn event for relief. We all hope the idea will catch on, for it proved magnificent. It was planned and announced as relief for Poland. American people probably all know that the sales-barn sales now, in the Midwest at any rate, are immense business affairs. But at this sale for relief, every last thing was donated, the services and the goods; everybody came and kept milling round, as most farmers do every week, so as to see the crowd and to visit and hope that before their eyes something new or something funny might happen: sales fans are like baseball fans. But everybody brought and donated a cow or a team of horses or a pony or dogs or rabbits or roosters, or potatoes and onions and carrots, or wagons and odds and ends of furniture, old and new, and rags of clothes and shoes—which were not worth selling or buying—and new clothes, too, thrown in with new and old rugs and carpets. The five auctioneers, including a blue-eyed bearded man who might have stood on the stack of donated Bibles, worked gratis, and it was a gay moment for one of them, a fat jolly man anyhow, when he was able to pit a young Amish beard against an old Amish beard in the bidding for a little old desk. It was worth two or three dollars, but it went for thirty, and when the auctioneer saw his chance he robbed the other stands of their crowds pro tem, and got bearded and unbearded faces and hooded and unhooded women to get in on the fun. The buyer was glad to write out his check, and no doubt he would readily have thrown the article back into the ring: it could "buy more rolled oats for Poland."

This "rolled oats for Poland" was the project of the day. A Brethren official was just back from Poland, but he did not stand up and tell us about conditions. Instead he bought things which were of no use to him, and put up a small Polish coin which sold at sixty times its worth.

"It is not a question," this man said privately, "of whether or not Poland is a Catholic country—as it is. The people get rationed food, not half enough, and pay forty times too much on the black market. I pushed back part of my own breakfast and rolled it into a paper and hid it in my pocket, and when I offered it to a girl working on the railroad she leaped at it like a hungry dog." He says that what is important, as a feature of relief, is that the Church should not turn over the work to the State. "If the Church lets even UNRRA—that's the State—do it, she misses her chance. This is a work for the Church and all that we ship to any country must be dispensed by some local religious group. That's our agreement."

He remarks that up to the present the churches are not allowed to practice charity where it is needed most, and I for one question whether any State may refuse to persons and groups the right to practice a most-needed and politically inoffensive charity.

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Meanwhile the people move on to the sale of the bigger things. To an old Amish buggy, the only one offered; it is an ancient shaky thing, but for the Amish a buggy is essential, and it marks a lively moment in the sale. To pigs and saddle horses and ponies, with a dozen horses and one farmer giving a magnificent team of Belgian mares. Pigs and colts and calves come in by the pair, and at times the auctioneer shouts, "Your choice, with the privilege!" But it is the milk cow that takes the farmers' eye, even the eye of a minister-farmer in his overalls and big double-shouldered cape. Anything that looks like a milk cow means $100 and up, and "more rolled oats for Poland." One heifer that was given to be shipped overseas was found to be too near calving, and did not get to make the trip with the 373 that lately went across to Poland. She is trotted out now into the ring, and alongside her trots her five-day-old spotted calf.

What is most interesting about the sale, and will probably make it a model for a thousand counties, is that the people, if allowed a religious motive and allowed, too, to give something they have produced and known and liked, and allowed the chance to run the event from start to finish, have the time of their lives out of the preparation and the day itself. It is a social act, and an act of their freedom as well as of their religion. It is entirely of and by the people, and in their view it is for people in the name of God. It is a community act. Someone told me he heard even some Amish say they would not give a chicken or a dollar, because "they'll get fat and start another war." But the most I heard directly was a slightly derisive, "Stock exchange won't rise much, for this sale." An over-all effect is that these quiet and modest farmers who, if canvassed by a committee, might have contributed three or four hundred dollars, gladly gave several thousand dollars' worth of goods and services. The managers were so confident that a week before the sale they had a carload of rolled oats on its way to Europe.

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Communications

DISPLACED PERSONS

The following letter was recently sent in mimeographed form to a number of publications as well as to all Congressmen and Senators. It bore the signatures of fifty individual US service men.—THE EDITORS.

Det "B" Hq & Hq Sq 9th BADA
Illesheim, Germany
APO 66, US Army
13 January 1946

TO the Editors: The Polish girl whom I invited to walk to church with me this morning needed a little persuasion. Having seen her and several of her friends in the Blue Chapel on Christmas and New Years, I knew that she attended services and assumed that she planned to attend today. Since information had been received that the Chaplain would not be able to come to the Base, I mentioned to her the possibility of walking with me to the church in Windsheim, a distance of about 4 kilometers or 2½ miles. It was not too easy to convince her as she works 8 to 10 hours a day in the Red Cross tailor shop, has no opportunity to sleep late except on Sunday mornings, eats food inferior in grade and less in quantity than that of the GI, lives and sleeps in company with another Polish girl under crowded conditions in a small room in the home of an unsympathetic (to be charitable) German family, has been worked and worried to the bone by the Boche for a period of four years, and has been humiliated in spirit and crumbled in heart by American Army officers for a period of several months.

Her life has been reduced to a cycle of working, eating and sleeping; her dream-world of American liberation has been smashed to bits by the incredible ignorance and indolence of officers in responsible positions who evidence less understanding of "One World" and the rôle therein that the Army is to play than the dogs that gather around the garbage cans in the rear of the Mess Hall. Dogs are friendly, they wag their tails; officers are hostile, they loose their tongues.

"The DPs will perform those deeds and serve those interests that we desire; they will serve doughnuts and coffee at the Red Cross and the offices; they will prepare and serve the meals, wash and dry the utensils, set and wipe the tables; they will mop the floors, wash the walls, and clean the windows; they will collect and dispose of the garbage and rubbish; they will clean the latrines, wash out the toilets, and scrub the urinals; and they will perform such other unskilled, disagreeable, and toilsome tasks that we may direct.

"They will perform these duties to our satisfaction or we will throw them out and obtain PWs as laborers.

"Tell them that, Sergeant, tell them this, too.

"They will not be permitted to attend the 6:30 show (even though there are sufficient seats to accommodate some hundred DPs after every GI and officer has taken a seat); they will not enjoy the privilege of eating a meal in the company of or at the table with an American soldier; and the girls will not enter the Enlisted Men's Club except on Saturday evening."

"Do you realize that, since there are no recreational facilities in the Community, this order, which completely reverses the position of the previous Base Commander, cuts off every source of diversion except the weekly dance?"

"We are not in the least concerned with their entertainment; we are not running a nursery. This is an Army base. We are in charge, and want them to know it. Each and every DP, except those who are working, must be off this Base at 6:30 PM; it is just too bad that the movie begins at that time.

"You might add, Sergeant, that DPs will receive for their services—the basic 48 hours of service—the standard German wage rate of 120 to 150 marks a month. Furthermore, we expect them to do a full day's work in return for the food, clothing, shelter, and considerate treatment extended by the authorities.

"Tell them to take the lead out of you know where or there will be some disagreeable changes take place tout de suite."

In the above manner—as it has been reported by several GIs, some of whom acted as interpreters—certain officers in positions of authority imposed their minds—those shallow, conceited, arrogant, narrow, closed minds—and introduced themselves, their men, and America to our Allies whose soldiers took Cassino, whose people rose up in the streets of Warsaw, and whose envoys were jailed on a diplomatic mission. SS officers lined them up against the wall and ordered them mowed down with bullets; US officers line them up against the wall and order them mowed down with words.

If this were an isolated instance of the attitude toward and management of Latvian and Lithuanian, Polish and Rumanian, Yugoslavian, Turkish and Russian DPs, an officer or enlisted man observing the scene might find some assurance in the thought that conditions were better elsewhere. But he knows it is not so; his buddies from every part of the American Zone of Occupation report to the contrary. Clippings taken from the *Stars and Stripes* covering a period extending from October 14 to November 20, 1945, tell some of the story. A corporal of the 407th Infantry Regiment states that "conditions among DPs are a disgrace. . . . Our conduct toward them as compared toward the Germans is a slap in the face to justice." With respect to job preference, a Medical Corps Captain asks, "How many DPs are employed either as waitresses or otherwise at the Third Army mess at Munich?" An officer of the 104th Medical Battalion reports that "DPs are living almost as bad as they ever did." Two GIs of the Third MG Regiment want to know how it is "that a DP just barely exists while an ex-enemy never had it so good—through the courtesy of the U. S. Army?" In a letter to B-Bag two Pfcs of the 572nd AAA AW Bn aver that a medical officer who flatly refused to take care of a Polish woman they had found lying unconscious in the street and consented only to arrange transportation to a civilian hospital, suggested that henceforth they cease to offer help to anyone in trouble.

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The march of time on the scene is not to be mistaken for the March of Time on the screen.

The Polish girl with whom I had a date this morning was torn from her home in Lwow in 1941 and forced to work on a farm from 3 AM to 11 PM for a period of 4 years. Her home, located in one of the most Polish of cities, is, nevertheless, in an area east of the Curzon Line, in an area not occupied by Russia but ceded to Russia. She has nothing to which to look forward; no demobilization date, not even a deferred one; no hearth to which to return. She is a thoroughly beaten girl; the spark of initiative—of rebellion, if you prefer—is dead. It needs to be rekindled, and the universal Church is the only place in which and organization through which it can possibly be rekindled. So I invited her to walk to church and persuaded her to accept.

Why was it necessary for an American soldier to ask a Polish girl to *walk* 2½ miles to church and 2½ miles back? The 6x6 GMC would be waiting for him at the main gate at 0900 Sunday morning, but not for her. Oh no, not for her. Never could democracy be permitted to extend to the cab or body of a GI truck for the purpose of taking DPs to church; never could freedom from want be stretched to include the driving of DPs 2½ miles on Sundays; never could "love of neighbor" be expected to penetrate the thick, billiard-ball skulls of certain officers now stationed on this Base.

Faith, hope, charity; any universal concept; any principle or part of one for which the United Nations struggled and successfully defended is not within their scope of thinking. The Atlantic Charter, the Four Freedoms, the Moscow Declaration, the Teheran Conference, the Potsdam Agreement; the speeches of Roosevelt and Churchill holding forth hope, asking courage, advising patience, promising assistance; all these, everything for which we stood and stand, is beyond their ken.

Nothing of the labor put into the building and the maintenance of the "reservoir of goodwill"; nothing of the little things such as the exchange of scholarships, the admission of students from allied nations to the American University in Germany, and the invitation of American soldiers to wine-tasting and perfume-smelling parties in France; nothing of the big things such as the six-year death struggle through which western civilization just emerged ever penetrated beyond the outer senses into the inner recesses of the minds of the company-grade anachronisms of the Dark Ages who, by an infavorable quirk of fate, represent in the twentieth century the executive authority of the United States Government.

Little do they know that the reservoir is drying up in the West as well as in the East; little do they perceive that the goodwill built up through efforts by which the privileged meet the few is torn down through lack of effort by which the common people of Europe are precluded from meeting the common man of America; little do they understand that the information agency contemplated by the Secretary of State and the President has been sabotaged already from the Baltic to the Balkans.

Under the circumstances, then, of living in a feudal society presided over by men upon whom 1,000 years of

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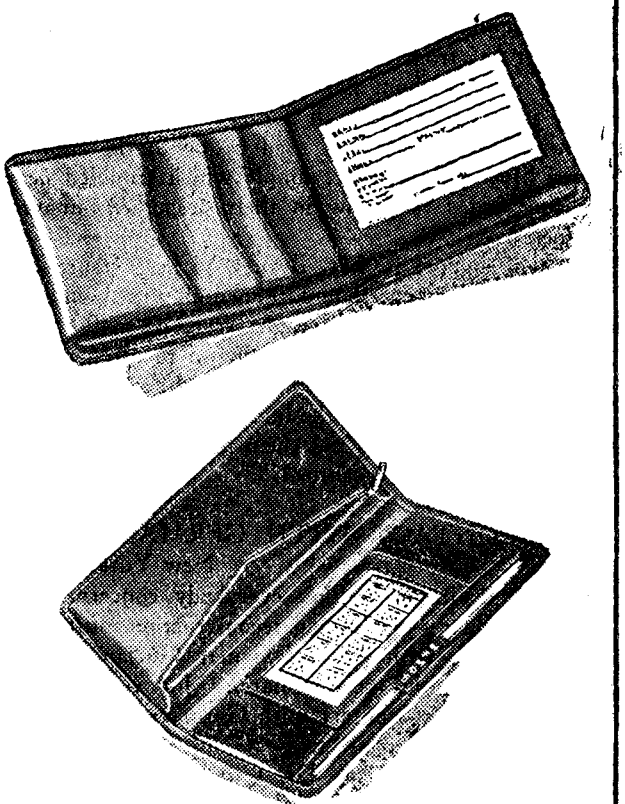

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civilization have been wasted, it was necessary to ask her to walk to church. As it happened, the weather was not only bad but impossible; a steady driving rain turned the streets to mud and drenched anyone not shod with a pair of boots and clothed with a raincoat. Inasmuch as she had neither, nor any substitute clothing with which to protect her from the rain, I could not expect that she walk. I went without her in the 6x6, a truck having a seating capacity of 24, with 4 other soldiers.

Is this democracy? Is this education in the American way of life? Is this the example which troubled people are being urged to follow in their desperate pursuit of happiness?

To give support to Mr. Byrnes, to lend assurance to our Allies, it is urgent that statesmen-officers assume command. As surely as we won the war, we will lose the peace unless every officer, from general to company, who is in a position of authority knows the difference between a DP and a PW, between the liberated and the conquered.

Send such men across, put them in charge.

The war is not over abroad.

CONTACT WITH GERMANY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I think everybody concerned with the problems of German reconstruction must wholeheartedly agree with Dr. Waldemar Gurian when he expresses to you his congratulations for your repeated efforts in regard to contact with Germany or rather the absence of any such contact.

I think, however, that Dr. Gurian himself deserves congratulations for the practical approach he himself takes in his letter reprinted in THE COMMONWEAL of February 15, 1946. It amounts to using THE COMMONWEAL'S letterbox as a means to communicate what little knowledge several persons may possess or receive individually. Little pieces of information of that kind put together may help us over here to get a better picture of what happens in Germany today. The complete absence of such information, coming either through regular press channels or, even worse, through private channels, is as much of a danger as the complete lack of adequate information to the German people of what happens in the world today—outside of official information which, after their experiences with Dr. Goebbels, they simply won't believe, however true it may be.

Th complete cutting off of Germany is therefore not only an unnecessary hardship but also a serious danger to its democratic reconstruction and last, not least, a challenge to our Catholic solidarity.

May I, following Dr. Gurian's example, mention some personal experiences that show the completeness of absence of any contact and its disastrous consequences?

In February, 1944, there happened in Germany one of the few open outbreaks of resistance the nazi government could never deny: the so-called Munich student revolt. The persons executed for this heroic attempt—reported at first to have been six, later three—were claimed in turn by Socialist, Communist and smaller "in-between" groups in exile. A novel, "Six of Them," recently appeared. Since it is a novel it is senseless to prove to the author, Alfred Neumann, that its plot bears no similarity to the facts as they have become known since. It is more serious that a "factual" report which appeared in England some time ago with a preface by an M.P. coincides with the actual happenings not much more closely than the novel.

Who, even among Catholics in America, knows that this courageous action was entirely due to Catholic inspiration, that two of the executed students, brother and sister Scholl, belonged to the circle around Karl Muth's *Hochland*? As a matter of fact I didn't know until very recently that the third one, Christopher Propst, was my own brother-in-law. His father-in-law, Harald Dohrn, who had been under arrest in connection with the student revolt and who had later on been released as a "religious maniac," was executed by the Bavarian "Gauleiter" Giessler at the very last moment when American troops were in the outskirts of Munich. Another student involved who had escaped execution, Franz Treppesch, married to a niece of Dr. Dietrich von Hildebrand, now at Fordham University, is today head of the Munich students house as successor of the unforgettable Dr. Fritz Beck who died a martyr's death June 30, 1934.

It is not only a question of historical justice and Catholic solidarity to point at such examples of Catholic resistance, but it is of the greatest importance to the actual reconstruction of Germany and the share German Catholics have to be assured in it. There is no doubt that if American Catholics knew more of such instances it would be easier to oppose attempts to impair the position of Catholics in the fields of government, education and publication on the ground that they all were suspected of "collaborationism" or that their record was worse than that of any group in Germany, which is not true.

Another matter that would be improved if communication were better is the selection of Catholics for work in the fields mentioned above. I had an example of this brought to my attention recently. It developed that a man extremely fit for all kinds of public office, Dr. Eugen Kogon, former editor of the Catholic weekly *Schönere Zukunft,* in Vienna, actually survived in the concentration camp of Buchenwald from 1938 until he was liberated by the Americans. I hope to be able to help to bring to the attention of the American public what this man has achieved singlehanded in the camp of Buchenwald not only against the SS but also against the terrorizing of other prisoners by the well-organized Communist minority inside the camp. I understand that he is going to publish a political and philosophical review to be called *Frankfurter Blätter* soon together with Walter Dirks, formerly of Dr. Friedrich Dessauer's *Rhein-Mainische Volkszeitung.* Another friend of Dr. Kogon who was with him in Buchenwald, Dr. Hilbert, formerly a leader of the Center Party in Saxony today is a member of the government of Greater Hesse. If these persons are not in contact with their friends abroad if they cannot make known what they suffered and what they plan and think, how can one expect them to do all they could for the reconstruction of their country?

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It is largely up to American Catholics to secure these contacts and it would be very regrettable indeed if any of them would feel hampered in attempts to do so by the fear of being accused of fostering a "soft peace." The whole problem has nothing to do with the alternative of "soft peace" and "hard peace" into which every discussion on German reconstruction is unfortunately canalized. That is why one has to welcome your various articles, letter and editorials in this sense. KLAUS DOHRN.

The Screen

Facts Can Be Fun

WHEN BRIDGE PLAYERS finally realized, during those early days of contract bridge, that every hand is not a slam hand, they learned to relax, enjoy the game and play it for the fun and mental stimulus that are in it. So it is with American moviegoers who are finally learning that a documentary film does not have to be dry or pedantic, that a factual film can be enjoyed and can be stimulating whether or not one agrees with all of its argument. Furthermore these moviegoers have at last come to realize that most documentaries are not smothered in Art (Capital A) that has to be approached with anguished or avoided with awe.

The latest addition to the large group of factual films about World War II is *"Burma Victory,"* a cinema version of the Allied campaign in Burma. Made by the British Army Film Unit, it is soon to be released in this country and it is definitely a film to be seen. Because the problems of the campaign were so complicated and because the sprawling country itself is less familiar, "Burma Victory" as a film lacks the coherence, unity and warm appeal of those two great war films "Desert Victory" and "The True Glory." However "Burma Victory" has much to offer, particularly through its visuals which succeed during the film's 60-minute running time in making us more aware of the tremendous scope of the campaign and the hardships through which its leaders and fighters went in attaining their goals. The footage, photographed by British, Indian and American combat cameramen, has been expertly cut and edited and is greatly aided by maps, diagrams and the accompanying narration. From the film's opening (with its note of humor as several soldiers read aloud from a travel folder about the glories of this glamorous land with fascinating names: Bengal, Rangoon, Mandalay) we are thrust into the realities of a country of torrential rains and monsoons. The entire film is actually a visualization of the Allies' struggle against insurmountable odds. When the Japanese exploded into Burma in 1942 they forced back the ill-prepared, ill-equipped British and Chinese. By cutting the Burma Road, the Japs established a base for attack on India and destroyed China's last link with her Allies. The story of the Allied campaign, first to stop and then drive back the enemy and finally to defeat the Japs in this theater of war, is as thrilling as any phase of World War II. This telling is complete of course with the big names: Mountbatten, Slim, Stilwell, Wingate, etc., but like so many well made documentaries it stresses the men: the fighters of the Fourteenth Army, the American engineers, the builders who built the roads and landing fields, the Chinese troops, the fliers the fighters and the bombers—the men who soon learned that although the Japs were not supermen led by an emperor mistaken for a god, they were a cunning and formidable enemy. But rain, mud, dysentery, jaundice also proved to be enemies. And jungle noises became as wearing to the nerves as the Jap tricks that caused so many sleepless nights. The film covers all aspects of the war in this area and includes extraordinary shots of battle as well as scenes of the building of the Lido-Burma Road. Perhaps the most impressive use of cinema is at the film's end when the Burma Victory is won, when the Japs are quieted and the camera travels slowly over some of these vast stretches while the sound track remains silent. Then as the picture closes, the narrator again pays tribute to our valiant fighters who fell here: "For your tomorrow, they gave their today."

Lest anyone think because the war is over that the theme of "Burma Victory" is old hat he should be reminded that although the fighting is finished it is by no means to be forgotten. Films like this are the best reminders of why the UNO is to be supported so that war will not engulf the world again. Furthermore a good documentary film remains of interest long after its subject matter is concluded. Witness the tremendous success of the film program now being shown at the Museum of Modern Art. This splendid series which started at the

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beginning of the year and will run until the middle of July, covers the documentary film from 1922 through 1945, and is attracting unusually large audiences to the Museum's auditorium. And why? Because people are discovering that factual films are not boring, that well-made documentaries are as interesting and frequently more stimulating than fiction movies.

Miss Iris Barry, Curator of the Film Library, strikes the keynote of this group of documentary films with: "The present series of programs has been assembled and is exhibited to mark the end of an important phase—the wartime phase—of its development. It includes many of the most meaningful and the best of motion pictures made during the last years. Their total sum is a vast, impressive panorama of contemporary history." We call your attention to some of these highlights, particularly the war films, although the entire series deserves praise for its coverage of the outstanding documentaries of social comment. During the month of March, besides several English and American wartime factual movies, there will be screened some of the German propaganda films, notably "The Triumph of the Will," which the nazis used to impress the German people with their might, and "The Baptism of Fire," showing the nazi conquest of Poland and used by the Fuehrer's boys to warn other European countries. April brings that English masterpiece, "Desert Victory," and the US Army's "Why We Fight" series, the latter produced by Frank Capra for the War Department to inform our fighters on the issues of the war—probably the most important group of documentary films ever made. Other items on the program that could easily be classified as "musts" are "The Battle of San Pietro," "Memphis Belle," "Attack! The Battle for New Britain," "The True Glory," "Western Approaches" among the longer films; and "Wings Up," "The Town," "The Cummington Story," "To the Shores of Iwo Jima," "The Autobiography of a Jeep" among the shorts, as well as the various issues of the Army-Navy Screen Magazine that are included in this collection.

Many of the films in this present series at the Museum are being shown to the general public for the first time, such as training films like "Land and Live in the Jungle," made by the Army Air Forces; incentive films like "Brought to Action," made by the OSS to be shown to workers at defense plants; the bi-monthly Army-Navy Screen Magazine, made by and for the men to keep them informed on the course of the war and events at home; certain items in Capra's "Why We Fight" series (only a few of these films were released for general distribution); and such noteworthy documentaries as "San Francisco," about the conference; "Let There Be Light," a study of psychiatric procedure for psycho-neurotic soldiers.

New Yorkers are fortunate in being able to see this carefully planned program. Visitors to the city would be wise to acquaint themselves with the time of the daily showings and the schedule; the films in most cases are changed twice a week excepting outstanding pictures which run for a week. Some of these movies may be rented for showings at schools, museums and other organizations throughout the country. Obviously the documentary film is here to stay, and a vote of thanks should go to the Museum's Film Library for helping to make an honest woman out of this long neglected and truly modern art which is a manifestation of our times. To quote again from Miss Barry's introduction to the catalog of this exhibit: "There is much grace and beauty as well as truth here, romantic squalor and the dignity of neighborliness, majestic artifacts and the terrible face of death. A sunflower and a child, a leper playing the harmonica, patient Chinese breaking stones for an airfield, the hysterical German crowds of 1941 and the sullen faces of their prisoners later, the volcanic fury of a Pacific landing, a New England landscape and a breathless aerial glimpse of the Himalayas all contribute to a design through which the living face of the world can be distinguished. To enlarge the world of experience for the individual was the proper function of the film, so the pioneers and commentators of the art believed fifty years ago: this function is fulfilled now that—just as literature includes much besides fiction—the motion picture at last conspicuously includes the film of fact." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Strikes and a Law

AS THIS is written New York City is convalescing from a combination of convulsions, paralysis, chills and fever brought on by the ten-day tugboat strike (3,500 men, AFL). Pittsburgh has just passed through a 14-hour paralysis from an electric power strike (3,400 men, Independent). And Philadelphia has just survived 48 hours of semi-paralysis from a transportation strike (9,900 men, CIO). Then there is the general strike in steel finishing its fourth week, as are also the big strikes against Westinghouse and General Electric, and the General Motors strike entering its fourth month and still going strong.

So far no prominent labor leader whatever has admitted the advisability of passing any law whatever to prevent, delay or discourage any strike whatever. In fact, Phil Murray characterized President Truman's comparatively mild fact-finding bill as "designed to destroy free labor unions." This was surely one of the most inaccurate and generally unfortunate remarks ever made by a man who is not usually given to making remarks that are either inaccurate or unfortunate. (Since then, however, Murray has not only closed the suddenly yawning chasm between himself and Truman, but further demonstrated his good sense by stopping a 2-hour general strike that had been hatched in the fertile and feverish brains of the comrades who control the CIO Industrial Council of New York City, a move that might have been especially calculated to break the backs of a thousand camels.)

They won't admit it to the press, or even to their friends, but in the middle of the night when all is still it is impossible that the intelligent labor leaders don't admit it to themselves. The public must protect itself. The right to strike is not absolute, but must be limited and hedged about by consideration for the rights of others. Sooner or later there is going to be a law, a peacetime law, that will limit the right to strike. There should be such a law. If they are intelligent, reasonable men, they

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probably admit these things to themselves in the middle of the night.

The House of Representatives has now passed the Case Bill by a vote of 258 to 155. Is this the law? The answer is "No." A few of its major weaknesses are:

(1) In order to enforce a 30-day cooling-off period the Case Bill provides for a system of sweeping federal injunctions and practically repeals the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act. It is of course just barely possible that federal injunctions will be necessary to prevent unions from striking. The point is, the chances are at least 10 to 1 that they won't be necessary. And since this whole field of anti-strike legislation is so thickly laid with explosive mines and booby-traps, it is important that we should start with only the most obvious and necessary restrictions. This is a principle, in fact, which the Case Bill consistently ignores throughout.

(2) The provision which denies to foremen the protection of the Wagner Act is inexcusable. In the modern giant corporations there are sometimes as many as 5,000 or more foremen, and to maintain that these men don't have common interests in their capacity as employees or the right to band together in unions to protect and promote these interests is just plain reactionary hokum.

(3) The business of withdrawing the protection of the Wagner Act is also used throughout the bill as a punishment for violations of the bill by individual workers and union officials. This seems to be a completely new, and thoroughly pernicious, principle of penal law. It is rather like punishing an employer by withdrawing from him the protection of laws against theft and destruction of property.

(4) The section on the outlawing of boycotts is so badly written that it could be applied to legitimate consumer boycotts as well as to the kind of AFL-vs.-CIO production boycotts it was supposedly meant to prevent.

Fortunately, the prospect is that the Senate, which has lately been reversing its traditional rôle, will once again serve as a liberal brake on the headstrong, impulsive conservatism of the House. Let us hope that it throws the Case Bill out bodily. As for positive action, it could do far worse than pass the Truman fact-finding bill with the single amendment that the fact-finders be acceptable to both parties. For fact-finders may be reasonably impartial when chosen by a Truman, but something else again when selected by a Harding, Coolidge or Hoover.

Bishop Alter of Toledo, chairman of the Social Action Department of the NCWC, presented a fact-finding plan to the labor-management conference even before the President's proposal was made public. Father McGowan, director of the Department, has written that it is superior to the Truman bill in that it does not involve a cooling-off period, so distasteful to labor, and because its fact-finders would not be allowed to make recommendations, but only to find facts. The idea is that it would be invoked before things came to a head and would thereby assist in forestalling that arrival.

By the time, however, that labor leaders, or employers, are in the mood to appeal to the judgment of a third party, they have exhausted the possibilities of negotiation and are all ripe and ready for a strike. Akin to this is the old truism, so repeatedly enacted in such matters, that it is only the squeaking wheel that gets the oil. As for fact-finding, it is almost impossible to imagine a set of facts that would be of any value whatever that could be framed or arranged without some sort of recommendation.

It is quite true that the recommendation is a kind of modified, polite arbitration and thereby limits the right to strike. The cooling-off period also limits the right to strike, though far less than the labor spokesmen so loudly protest, for since when has there been an important strike in which 30 days delay would have damaged its effectiveness by one iota? And so the right to strike, where it seriously affects the national interest, should be limited. That is admitted, and that is exactly what, in the opinion of many of labor's friends, has become necessary. American industry, American labor, America itself have grown too big and powerful to put off any longer those first tentative efforts at self-discipline which alone distinguish the adult from the child.

JOHN C. CORT.

Books of the Week

Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad. Frederick L. Schuman. Knopf. $4.00.

A TRANSLATION of Frederick L. Schuman's book could not appear in the Soviet Union. The Russian reader, accustomed as he is to works harmonizing with the party line, would be profoundly disturbed by the description of the Soviet Union as the first of the "totalitarian" states of the twentieth century whose unique devices of persecution, persuasion and perquisites were later copied, for wholly different purposes, by the demagogue-despots of fascism." He would be shocked to find some praise of Trotsky; true, Schuman does not like this enemy of Stalin, but he admits that "Trotsky's achievements were expunged from all official accounts after his fall and disgrace." Even Stalin himself is sometimes bluntly criticized: he added, according to Schuman "nonsense to error" at the beginning of the first Russo-Finnish war. A discussion of Soviet penal colonies begins with the sentence: "Since 1929 extensive use has been made of Correctional Labor Camps, whose inmates have engaged . . . in public works, often under highly adverse conditions of climate, housing, nutrition and sanitation." It is noted that "hundreds of thousands" of Kulaks were deported "to the Far North and Siberia where they were housed in GPU concentration camps." And the enumeration of the losses produced by the collectivisation is thus summed up: "Soviet rural economy had not recovered from this staggering loss by 1941." On the purges of 1936-1938 he writes: "The Soviet authorities . . . preferred to see a thousand innocents liquidated rather than see a single traitor escape." Has Frederick L. Schuman joined, as these quotations seem to show, the group of Eastman, Lyons, Chamberlin, etc., the disappointed former friends of the Soviet experiment who have now become its bitterest denouncers? That would be a completely wrong impression. Mr. Schuman's whole book is intended as a skillful apology for Stalin's régime. Schuman is intelligent enough to realize that eulogies without any criticism, such as those presented by writers like Anna Louise Strong, are not very impressive. He mentions errors, he complains even about the fact that in the Soviet Union sometimes "ideal and reality are . . . widely at variance." He is outspoken about the fundamental errors of Marxist philosophy and he emphasizes again and again that his psychologism precludes the fanatical belief of men like Lenin and his followers who became obsessed by revolutionary visions. But the final effect is nevertheless the same as that of writings by more primitive pro-Soviet

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authors: the Bolsheviks were fundamentally right, their faults were the result of the wrong behavior of their adversaries. The totalitarian one party dictatorship would not have arisen if the right Socialist Revolutionaries had entered a coalition government after the October revolution. This statement is simply absurd, even for those who have read only Schuman's own description of Lenin's concept of party and of state and revolution. Some criticisms are directed from time to time against the masters of the Soviet, e.g., against their rejection of free communications, but all that is done in order to show that Schuman is against the Russophobes as well as against the Russophiles. But only men whom Schuman regards as red-baiters—for instance Dallin—are singled out for attacks; and their fundamental views are not discussed at all; only certain isolated errors are singled out, errors, by the way, which have been pointed out also by those who are in agreement with their attitude.

In many pages of his book Schuman is as uninspiring and useless as would be an attack on the Soviets without any consideration or knowledge of Russian history. Russia was always for peace, with some minor deviations; freedom from fear is achieved there, etc., etc. Sometimes it is difficult to know if even Schuman takes himself very seriously. He writes: "Writers, teachers, artists and investigators who . . . deviate from (or misunderstand) the Party line cannot hope to continue their work. Foreign critics readily conclude that the Soviet intelligentsia is in helpless bondage and consists of sycophantic automatons reduced to complete sterility. Nothing could be farther from the truth. No government anywhere at any time has done more than the USSR to promote art and science by providing facilities for training, work and publication. . . ." As Schuman has stated two sentences before, exclusively for the benefit of those who accept and understand correctly the Party line. Another example: we read that thanks "to the vigilance of the NEVD" the "Fifth Column" was destroyed by the purge of 1936-1938. But in the preceding sentence Yagoda is enumerated among the fifth columnists, Yagoda who was for years first actual, then official, head of the GPU and NEVD—the police organizations of the Soviet régime, and who organized the first great trial of the purge, only to become himself the victim of the third great trial. The chapter on the purge is particularly misleading. Schuman admits that a thousand innocents were executed in order to catch one of the guilty, but the purge is praised as a "victory in political warfare" because it destroyed a profascistic fifth column. He does not even discuss the complex character of the purge whose victims were sacrificed for most complex and different motives. He does not offer the slightest proof of the magnitude of a fifth column conspiracy and does not mention the consequences of the purges for the policies and prestige of the USSR.

It is not necessary to say that a book written by such a brilliant impressionistic writer as Schuman is easy reading. He has used much secondary source material, has gone through official documents, reports on Party conventions, etc. Some chapters are successful condensations of excellent research work; the pages on Russian history and geography are useful. Disappointing is the absence of any attempt at sociological interpretation. The analysis of the causes of Lenin's victory in 1917 or of the defeat of Trotsky by Stalin moves along conventional lines, though somewhat dramatized by Schuman's love for psychiatric or psychoanalytical probing which often is not very convincing. Many readers will be attracted by Schuman's Spenglerian attitude as a prophet of doom and destruction. One world state could rescue mankind, but the governments—including that of the Soviet Union—are not farsighted enough. Human intelligence will not be sufficiently great to avoid self-destruction.

Here is, on the whole, a very disappointing book. I grant it has become almost impossible to write about the Soviet Union. Passions have become too heated. Oversimplification dominates. But Schuman claims to be *au dessus de la mêlée,* above parties. That probably has caused the most serious shortcomings in his book. It makes a somewhat ambiguous impression. Concessions to disagreeable truth are made, but only such concessions as are used by a skillful lawyer who starts by deploring the errors of his client only in order to demonstrate that the defendant was an innocent victim of unfortunate circumstances and of his evil environment, and that after all the victim of the crime was worse than the criminal. It is a book of pretended objectivity; it would have been much better had Schuman dared to write according to his passions and feelings.

Other fundamental deficiencies are due to Schuman's somewhat limited vision—he sees only external, easily discernible features; he has no feeling for depth. And his philosophy seems to be very shallow—a kind of Spenglerian determinism: fate is inescapable, the victor expresses historic necessities. And this philosophy precludes the understanding of the revolutions which have taken place in Russia since 1917—they cannot be explained by adherence to the Stalinist Party line, softened by a few remarks to the effect that Stalin's visionary belief is not shared by the author who, of course, is able to penetrate all beliefs and visions.

I surely do not share the belief of such a man as Ustrialov, who, after being disappointed by the Liberals and the Whites, became a kind of nationalistic fascistic admirer of Bolshevism—but what a distance there is between him and Schuman. For Ustrialov has really experienced Russian history and the Russian fate whereas they are for Schuman only occasions for displaying his shallow belief in progress covered up by some tragic remarks on human stupidity and blindness, which are particularly rife among capitalists and representatives of the ruling élites outside the Soviet Union. This book will find many readers—but it will not help us to understand Russia or her characteristics. WALDEMAR GURIAN.

The Lost Landscape. Winifred Welles. Holt. $3.00.

THIS leisurely family history is, all of it, much of a kind with rummaging in the old garret the author describes. (These oily modern sardines brought up in flats—one wonders whatever they can learn of history.) Nor is its landscape lost. There will always be Februaries when convalescently we wish no more than a bookish half hour followed by a slow musing watch from the window at the blustering clouds. There will always be young physicians, their imaginations lit for those sturdy saddlebag days.

This posthumous book has the peace of the elder poetry but contains none of the author's verse. Chapter I, Birthday, begins, "It always seemed to me that I could remember the night when I was born. . . ." Indeed on page 5 they are sending for the doctor. No; homes have to be and the peace of home is no lost landscape.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

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The Inner Forum

Good Friday and Anti-Semitism

IN THE Archdiocese of Cincinnati an effort was recently made to find out whether Catholic teaching as to the responsibility of the Jews for the death of Our Lord tended to produce anti-Semitic feelings. According to the current issue of the *Journal of Religious Instruction* (53 Park Place, New York 8, N. Y.), the Very Reverend Monsignor Carl J. Ryan, Superintendent of Schools for the Cincinnati Archdiocese, devised an experiment which gives some indication to what degree this fear that anti-Semitism is inculcated by Catholic teaching is justified.

Monsignor Ryan had drawn up a list of ten questions to be administered to the eighth grade pupils in 38 schools throughout the Archdiocese. All the questions had to do with the Passion and Death of Our Lord, and were put to the pupils during Holy Week, when the subject of the test would tend to be most strongly impressed upon the minds of the students. Nine of the questions dealt with such facts as the reasons for Christ's suffering and death, facts about Judas, Herod, Pilate, Peter and the Apostles, together with the attitude which Jesus manifested toward His accusers and executioners.

The other question, the ninth of the ten, read as follows: "Should the Jews of today be blamed for what the Jews in Christ's day did to Him?" And in the letter of instructions which accompanied the test, was the following recommendation: "In asking the children, however, to fill out the questionnaire, please do not call specific attention to this question. You might make a brief announcement such as this: 'As you well know, this is Holy Week and we shall pray and meditate on the Passion and Death of Our Lord. In order to check on how well you remember the main facts about the events of Holy Week, I have here a little test. Please put a line under the right answer to each question, either yes or no.' "

All 38 schools sent in results. Of the 877 children taking the test, 43 replied affirmatively to the key question, and 834 in the negative. Less than 5 percent of the children "thought that the Jews of today should be blamed for what their ancestors did to Our Lord." Fifteen of the schools—representing all types, both rural and urban—reported not a single affirmative answer to this question, while in nine others only one pupil answered yes. One of the latter schools is situated in a neighborhood in which many Jews reside.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. George H. DUNNE, S.J. is teaching at Loyola University, Los Angeles, Cal.

George CATLIN, author of several books and closely affiliated with the British Labor Party, has taught at Cornell University and lectured extensively in this country.

Christopher MORLEY will from time to time contribute further incidental verse under the title "Poems on Postcards."

Rev. Leo R. WARD, C.S.C., has written extensively on rural and cooperative subjects and teaches at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.

Waldemar GURIAN is one of the editors of the *Review of Politics* and teaches at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.

Edward L. KEYES, M.D., was one of the founders of THE COMMONWEAL and has been a consistent contributor ever since.

A Catholic Book Club selection . . .

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Next Week

THE PRIESTS AT DACHAU, by L. de Coninck, S.J., is a remarkable document which brings to light a wealth of hitherto unknown information. It deals not so much with the indignities suffered by these priests from many lands in this notorious concentration camp as with the various means which they devised there to enable them to celebrate Mass, say the Office, and administer the Sacraments.

OCCUPATION OF GERMANY, by Sgt. William H. Jordy, relates the results of an extensive personal survey of German reactions to our occupation forces which he undertook for *Stars and Stripes*. Sergeant Jordy arrived at the conviction that America's big job is to persuade the Germans of the inherent worth of the democratic freedoms. And to a degree that they will be eager to use them.

THE UKRAINIAN TRAGEDY, by Donald Attwater, is inspired by Pius XII's recent allocation on the 350th anniversary of the Catholic Ruthenians. Mr. Attwater points out the key importance of the Ruthenian Catholics now living in Canada and the United States.

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